THE LIBERATOR

"COMRADES, LET US ALL UNITE."

Vol. 1, No. 8. CHICAGO, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1905. Price, 2 Cents

THE LABOR MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.

The General Strike to be Declared.

THE NEW MOVEMENT IN FRENCH LABOR UNIONS.

A movement which will probably have far-reaching consequences has been going on lately in France in the labor unions or syndicates; their last congress, which was held last autumn at Bourges, marking an important step in this direction.

For the last fifteen years or so a deeply-rooted struggle has been fought within the labor unions between the advanced and the moderate wings of the French workers; and for a moment the ideas represented by the German Social Democrats had apparently gained the upper hand. Strenuous efforts were made, indeed, to convert the labor unions into simply political organizations for running candidates of all sorts—of middle-class and labor men, anxious to acquire importance through Parliament. And these efforts succeeded. The German program—labor legislation through the middle-class Parliament—had prevailed for a time with the French workers.

On the other side, the Republican Government made a bold step, with the intention of taking the whole of the labor movement under its protection and management. It opened in 1900 the so-called Labor Exchanges (Bourses du Travail), through which it hoped to keep the movement in its hands. The municipal councils provided special buildings for these exchanges, and voted special subventions in order to keep these buildings in repair, to light and to heat them, and—still worse—to keep quite a number of functionaries (a manager, an accountant and a number of secretaries) nominated by the municipal councils. Moreover, small subsidies were voted by the municipal councils, especially at Paris, for several unions.

All labor unions of a given city could now come together in these buildings; there they held their committee meetings, and gradually the Labor Exchanges became centres for the life of all those workers who had at heart the interests of labor. The Social Democrats evidently tried to get hold of these exchanges and to use them as electoral centres, while the central government saw in these exchanges an excellent arrangement for "the taming of the rebels."

However, a new spirit began gradually to develop in the working men of France. They began to realize how useless were their endeavors to obtain any redress of their wrongs through the usual parliamentary channels, and the old idea which had prevailed at the foundation of the International Working Men's Association—the idea that the freeing of the workers must be accomplished by the workers themselves—began to take root in their minds.

To speak of Paris only, about which we have more direct information, the chief characteristic of the new movement is, first of all, the elimination of the politicians and the "intellectuals" altogether. They had taken too prominent a place in the French labor movement, diverting its attention towards matters political, literary and so on, things of minor importance, and neglecting those points which are essential and vital for the working man in his struggle against capitalism; and now the workers perceive it. One cannot insist too much upon the importance of this point. The "intellectuals," as a rule, with their literary, abstract, and governing classes' education, have a special turn of mind which unavoidably prevents them from joining heart and soul in the movements that are going on amongst the working men. It is the more so when they constitute a governing group apart from the laborers. The first step to be taken by the workers is, therefore, to get rid of these outside influences. Let those who sincerely intend to bring their forces into the service of the toiling masses merge their lives in the life of these masses. **Then only** will they be serviceable to the workers. This is what the French workers have learned once more by a painful experience.

The other feature which is noticeable now in the French labor movement is that the "revolutionists" are decidedly gaining the upper hand over the "reformists." These two terms have, however, a certain limited sense within the labor unions. The reformists do not condemn revolutionary measures or acts; nor do the revolutionists refuse reforms. But while the former still believe that useful reforms may be obtained through legislation, the latter consider that improvements in the present conditions of labor will only have a real value and lead to further improvements, when they have been **wrested** from the employers. In this they are at one with the Anarchists, and their central organ, La Voix du Peuple, of which Comrade Pouget is the editor, has carried on a splendid propaganda in this direction.

"Direct action" has now become the watchword of the French labor unions. More than that, in accordance with the decision taken at the Labor Congress of Bourges, the next First of May (1906) has been fixed as the date of the general strike, to be declared all over France, to demand from the employers the eight hours' day. In the meantime **all** forms of "direct action" are advocated.

Politics are now absolutely excluded from the French syndicates, especially at Paris. Members of the syndicates may or may not go to church—that is their private affair, with which the labor union has nothing to do. The same is applied to politics. Vote if you like, but don't bring your electoral pettifogging into the unions.

In this the French unions are like the British trade unions of some ten years ago. But there the likeness ends.

The French unions do not attach the same importance as is attached in England to the cash in hand in the union. They consider that a large sum owned by a union is very often a cause of weakness—not of force. When a strike breaks out, don't rely, they say, upon the cash in hand—it will soon be exhausted. Rely upon free subscriptions, organize Communist kitchens, and above all—inspire a salutary fear in the employers. This is what the French unionists consider the best weapon in strikes. And we think that the events by which recent strikes in this country have been characterized are meant to give great support in favor of the French view.

Of course, as a consequence, they do not attach an overwhelming importance to the **number** of workers who have joined the union. Let the men of action in each trade join together, they say, and such unions will be as good as unions which embrace scores of thousands, men having no energy to undertake any desirable step in case of need.

It need hardly be said that both the politicians in Parliament and the government are extremely dissatisfied with this new spirit which pervades the French labor unions. They have grown alarmed, and the series of conflicts taking place at this very moment at the Labor Exchange of Paris between the Municipal Council and the Prefect (at Paris is the head of the police is the mayor) on the one side, and the revolutionary syndicates on the other, proves how deeply alarmed the rulers are. The Prefect has already once invaded the Labor Exchange with his policemen, and has closed it for a fortnight. Now the struggle has been renewed upon a question of rules which the Municipal Council wants to impose upon the Labor Exchange, and which most unions have refused to accept. They maintain that the building which they get from the municipality is **due to them;** the city is not an estate of the upper ten, and the working men have a right to a building for discussing their affairs. But as to rules, they will accept none wthin their house which they have not sanctioned themselves. This is their own affair, not that of the police or of the Municipal Council.

Therefore a conflict in which the labor unions must necessarily gain the supremacy is now raging in Paris.

The above remarks will give a general idea of the new direction which the labor unions in France have taken. The working man has at last turned out the politician; and the revolutionary spirit wins ground as against those who for fifteen years had intrigued for making the working man a docile instrument in the hands of the middle-class politician.

It is a new birth of the International Working Men's Association which has begun in France, and it is due to the same cause: the workers have lost faith in their would-be Radical and Socialist political saviors.

It was high time, indeed, that such a movement took place. Since the victory of Germany over France in 1870, the labor movement in Europe has been dragged into Philistine channels, so as to deprive it of every sign of energy. The more some people talked of "class war" and "class interests," the more they used these words to make the working men serve the interests of the Philistine politician. Now the French working men have put the whole question in a few words:—

The working men organize themselves for **direct action—a direct struggle** against the capitalist. Are you with them or against them? Let Parliament alone! and say plainly: Do you join us in this direct struggle or not?

And then—nine months hence the French working men are going to declare the general strike for obtaining the eight hours' day. Are you **with** them, with the strikers, or **against** them? No subtleties, please. With the general strike or against it? Say "Yes," or "No," and we shall know who you are.

THE MARCH OF THE TOILERS.

This Is a Pen Picture Drawn By One of Them.

Did you ever stand on the Milwaukee Avenue viaduct early in the morning or in the evening when the factory whistles had just blown?

If you did this article will appear quite familiar to you, but if not it should at least be interesting.

I have stood there when the time was to spare, only a few minutes snatched from sleep or the boss—at my expense—and I do not consider this time lost for I was well repaid in studying the vast army of toiling humanity that marched past.

Milwaukee Ave. is the main artery reaching from the wage slave's quarters of the north-west side of Chicago to the various grind stones of our city's commerce, and over it tramp many, many thousands of those who are being ground between the upper and nether millstones of capitalism.

Let us stop a moment and look at them:

Here immediately before us is a crowd composed of old men and old women, middle aged men and women, young men and women, and sad, sad indeed, to say children, children who should still be in the playground, the nursery or school, "tramping in the march of the army of the toilers." God forgive us as men and women for allowing it.

But let us look closer and try to study the expression of each as they wend their weary way to their various slave pens: The first to catch our attention is an old man, feeble looking, stoop-shouldered, with pinched and peaked features, pale, emaciated, coughing and hocking as he totters—not walks—along, spitting up on the sidewalk the accumulation of dirt acquired in his many years of drudgery. Look yet closer, and note the woe-begone, expressionless expression of his face—the vacant stare of the eye, the down-drooping corner of the lips—the utterly subdued and submissive appearance of the man, and then—weep silently in your innermost heart, and catch the expression of the next, for this is a moving panorama and much time is not given to study any one individual.

Here comes a woman past life's meridian, with a shawl closely drawn over a lean body, a white thin face, angelic in its martyrdom, indicative of what? Let us try at least to place this picture in a befitting frame. She is probably the mother of a family who are indigent—no matter from what cause—her husband may be dead, sick, in jail, a gambler, drunkard, a loafer, that does not effect the case we are studying. With all the material instincts of her nature she is trying to provide food, clothing and shelter for her young, as any female animal will do, and in order to do so she must arise before daylight these middle October days, do up her housework before eating her own frugal breakfast, and then **walk** to her master's slave pen to expend the remainder of her energies in accumulating profits for him.

Men, how do you like the outlook for your widows?

But we are not yet half done. Here is another "bunch," as the cattle on the western prairies are termed, and for them we have not much pity. I do not mean the cattle, but the bunch in question. There are just six in the group, marching two by two like a corporal's guard of regular militia, but all are stalwart, strong-looking young men in the prime of life and vigor. Oh, how I admire their looks of strength and bodily manhood. With their muscles of iron trained down by years of toil they could outdo the gladiators of old Rome's amphitheaters, but something is lacking.

I'll wager it is not courage. Where are they going? To work for some man who spends the profits made on them by buying the latest style of European dog clothes for his mistress' poodle, likely. These same men would probably be insulted were they to be told this, but we cannot help it. We must tell them, and furthermore we notice there are always some in such groups who catch on and spread the gospel of "right."

REX.

(To be continued next week.)

TO ANY REFEREE.

Said the trailing skirt
To the bloomers, pert,
"My dear, you are so queer!
I'll tell you though,
Since you don't know,
Those pants arn't th' style 'round here!"

Said the bloomers, pert,
To her friend in the dirt,
"You actually make we shrivel!
But tell me, dear,
Is't stylish here
For people to be civil?"

To the bloomers, pert,
Said the trailing skirt,
As impudent as ever,
"You shame the street!
You're indiscreet!
You're not the least bit clever!"

Said the bloomers, pert,
To the flouncing skirt,
"The comfort so entices!
'Tis vain, you see,
To blush for me!
Are you quite free from vices?"

Of the bloomers, pert,
Asked the trailing skirt,
"What are you, man or woman?
Do you dress so
To make a show?
I wonder if you're human?"

Said the bloomers, pert,
To the wrinkled skirt,
"Your head is not j-u-s-t level!
Quite little folk
Know I'm a joke!
I'm surely not the devil!"

At the bloomers, pert,
Laughed the trailing skirt,
"Great heav'ns! My sides will burst!
The show is free!
Te he, he, he!!!
Of guys, you are the worst!"

Said the bloomers, pert,
To the giddy skirt,
"The last laugh is the best!
And women may
Get sense some day,
Then skirts will be the jest!"

Said the trailing skirt
To the bloomers, pert,
"Our sex!- oh! what a pity!
Wear skirts again;
You shock the men!
Disgrace our lovely city!"

With a stony stare,
And in mock despair,
Said the bloomers, then,
To the moral hen,
"Your town's gone up the flue!
Our sex A SIGHT?
Oh! what a plight!
Does Progress worry you?"

VIROQUA DANIELS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT AND BALL will be given by the LIBERATOR Publishing Group, Sat. October 21, at J. M. Fohley's Hall, (formerly Stangwell's) 235 S. Western Ave.

Comrades come out and enjoy yourselves and and help our paper at the same time.

POOR JEWS!

Tried to Show Their Usefulness To Their Race—But Did Not Succeed.

It's a Pity, Isn't It?

A delegation of West Side Jews, headed by Henry M. Shabad and M. Ginzburg asked Corporation Counsel Lewis to prevent the holding of a dance at 122 W. Lake St. The reason given was that it was to take place on "their" day of atonement.

Poor, poor Jews! Have they really in their degeneration lost their senses?

Do they really think they are so great and so powerful that they can stop any one from doing that which is not in harmony with their calling!

O, miserable Jews, do you not realize your weakness?

But no! It cannot be that the mass of conservative Jews had anything to do with this delegation headed by M. Ginzburg and Henry M. Shabad. It cannot be that they who have suffered so much from religious persecution in Russia and other parts of Europe shall in this country, "the land of the free" take the lead and desire to be the masters and the persecutors. Ah, no! They certainly dare not assume the tactics of the Russians. They certainly dare not be traitors. Freedom of speech! Religious freedom! Freedom of assembly—has that not been proclaimed throughout the land.

But who is it that attempted to go beyond their limits? Who are the gentlemen that headed this delegation, and made themselves so ridiculous.

Who are they that pretended to do something useful in behalf of their race, but did not succeed?

They are two men, when classified under the chart of the Industrial Workers of the World, belong to the Department of Public Service. They are men that are entirely dependent upon the public.

The one, Mr. Ginzburg, a printer, and publisher of the Daily Jewish Courier, a paper that is a prototype of himself—whose principle is money! Money! whether it comes from the orthodox Jew, or Gentile, from Republicans or Democrats, from Socialists or Anarchists—who pays the most, for that person or party does this reptile perform its dirty work.

The other gentleman is Mr. Henry M. Shabad, a lawyer—and now Democratic candidate for Trustee Sanitary District. A man who evidently had no hardships in securing the endorsements of the Rabbis of Chicago for his political purposes. (Money power! How great you are!) A man who, "with the help of God," seeks to be elected and bring "peace." (What a contradiction!)

This man, with the assistance of the Rabbis proclaims himself to be a devout orthodox Jew, born as he was in Russia, and having received a real orthodox education, he solicits votes from his fellow men for his election.

This man is a candidate for Trustee Sanitary District. Had he not better clean himself first from the mire which he has fallen into?

Now it is plain to the intelligent person that these two gentlemen have had no public mission, but the only motive they had, was their own personal aggrandizement. They attempted to perform certain services which to their small minds appeared to be of value to the orthodox, but which in reality is dishonorable to them. Let every intelligent man rise in protest to these actions.

Let the orthodox Jew realize the injury which these men are doing them. Let them understand that in this country where there is a little freedom, that they, cannot tamper with the freedom of the next person.

Liberty is meant for all—and not for a few.

T. K.

THE LIBERATOR

A WEEKLY DEVOTED TO REVOLUTIONARY PROPAGANDA ALONG LINES OF ANARCHISTIC THOUGHT

Published by
Liberator Publishing Group

TOBIAS KLEINMAN, Sec'y
544 W. 12th St., Chicago, Ill.
Telephone Canal 7529

Subscriptions $1.00 per year in advance. Six months, 50c. Single copies, 2c each.

Advertising rates furnished on application to Tobias Kleinman, 544 W. 12th Street, Chicago, Ill.

LUCY E. PARSONS, Editor
466 W. Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Editor does not necessarily indorse all views expressed by contributors, but as the LIBERATOR is a free Forum we invite and welcome contributions upon all subjects pertaining to liberalism.

Personalities will be rigidly excluded; we are working for the good of humanity at large.

LONDON'S UNEMPLOYED

The cry of distress is coming from England. It is the wail of the unemployed. A cablegram says: "The ranks of the unemployed continue to swell. * * * There is an air of suppressed excitement in popular and surrounding centers of distress. Thousands of women from Poplar Bow, Bromley, Westham, Milwall and even Bermondsey have declared their intention of forming part of an army of misery that will march through the streets of the west end of London demanding work.

Yes, march! What do the rich loafers care about a parade of hollow-cheeked, poverty stricken creatures marching through the streets? Why, it will be a real novelty for the "better classes" to enjoy. To make the spectacle more exciting, possibly some of them may toss a few pennies among the crowd just to see them scramble for them.

Why should they not take the whole thing as a huge joke? They know that the starving wretches have been taught to place property rights above human rights.

Hence, the stored-up heaps of wealth for the succoring of human needs, will stand unmolested while the hungry people will return to their hovels more exhausted than ever from the effects of the march.

Last week's LIBERATOR contained an account of tailor-made suits for the dogs of London's aristocrats. Of course, dogs must have tailor-made suits, though children go clothed in rags.

If the LIBERATOR should advise those hungry people, and all other hungry people, to take what is necessary to sustain life, where the right to work and earn it is denied, we would be called violators of "law and order," vile Anarchists, etc. Even our Socialist friends would point the finger of scorn at us as "disturbers of the peace," and would say, all the poor have to do is to nurse their hunger, and elect Social Democrats to office, who will see that everything is all right for everyone, except Anarchists, and all would be "Anarchists," who disagreed with their official machine. But the fact still remains that the disinherited of earth are going to suffer for the necessities of life just as long as they place property rights above human rights. Because this means that the wealth producers will starve quietly in the midst of plenty.

The workers are not going to obtain their rights by voting a lot of fellows into office, but by organizing industry in every department of commerce, forming powerful organizations, both nationally and internationally; cultivating a spirit of brotherhood and solidarity of interest between all workers, then refuse to be mere wage slaves any longer, and if need be tie up all industries; this will force the issue between capital and labor quicker than anything else, and show labor the inherent strength which it possesses.

L. E. P.

PROPERTY RIGHTS VS. HUMAN RIGHTS.

Every person who is rendering no good to humanity is useless, no matter how hard he works. Head work and hand work are equally hard and equally useful if rightly applied. All men, rich and poor, are working at something; perhaps one at useful labor, the other at useless labor.

Nevertheless they are each and all using their energies at some occupation. Men work because they cannot hold their physical and mental energies in check without causing themselves pain. But we have made work disagreable because we have allowed conditions to obtain which force us to continue to work after we are tired, or at something for which we have no taste, take no interest in and have no adaptibility for. For this reason we lose pleasure in work and it becomes irksome to us; for this reason, often what we do is done in a slovenly manner and the community loses thereby. The selfish scheme called "property rights," has superceeded human rights and created four times more useless work than is required to produce and distribute all the comforts and luxuries of life. All these useless workers are either capitalists or the allies of capitalists. In this class of workers whose sole business is to sustain the "rights of property" can be classed, the lawyers, ministers, judges, legislators, jailors, police, bankers, brokers, peddlars, armies, navies, insurance companies, agents and nearly all bosses in all branches of industry, add to these, those who cannot get work and those in prisons, and we get some conception of the vast hords that must be supported by those who perform useful labor, and these must devote their entire life's energies in keeping up the "rights of property," a thing which they have neither a share nor an interest in. And this condition of affaires make paupers, suicides, thieves, cut-throats, liers, vagabonds, hypocrites, and unsocial beings generally.

Who, pray, are benefiting by all this waist and confusion? The few, a mere small percentage of the population of the world, all the remainder submit, because they think "it always has been so and it must always be so."

The work of those who have a conception of a true society of the futuse, must devote all their effort toward disabusing the people's minds of the ancients falsehood. It can be done, many other hoary lies have passed away, so will this one too.

L. E. P.

SQUIBS.

No one has the right to take the life of his fellow man except in self defense, hence a volunteer in state military service becomes a direct murderer.

All governments rest upon the backs of the people. Government and individualism are the two extremes of human society.

To be a "cosmopolitan" is of more credit to a man or woman than the enslaving title of "citizen."

Governmental patriotism means "race prejudice." The patriotism of freedom sweeps beyond the boundaries of all countries and stands for humanity.

VOLENTEER.

ATTENTION.

Just as we go to press, we have received a communication from The Progressive Library, N. Y. City which will appear in next week's LIBERATOR. We also acknowledge $20.00 from the Progressive Library. Thanks, Comrades, that money was badly needed!

ORDER AND DISORDER.

What sort of order is it with which we have to deal? Is it the harmony of which we are dreaming, we anarchists—the harmony which will naturally establish itself in all human relations, so soon as humanity shall cease to be divided into two classes, the one of which is sacrificed for the profit of the other; the harmony which will spring spontaneously from the solidarity of interests, when all men shall constitute one family, when each shall work for the good of all, and all for the good of each? Clearly not. Those who taunt anarchy with being the negation of order are not speaking of the harmony of the future; they are speaking of the order as one understands the word in society as we have it now. Let us see, then, what sort of order is it that anarchy is anxious to destroy.

Order today, as the word is understood, is the ninth-tenths of humanity toiling to provide luxury, enjoyment, the satisfaction of passions the most execrable, for a handful of sluggards.

Order! it is the depriving those nine-tenths of every condition necessary to healthy life, and the rational development of the faculties; the reducing nine-tenths of humanity to the level of beasts of burden living from day to day, without ever daring to think of the joys which have been for man by scientific study, and the creations of the artistic mind. Look you, that is order.

Order! it is misery and famine accepted as the normal condition of society. It is the Irish peasant dying of hunger; it is the peasants of a third of Russia dying of diphtheria, of typhus, starvation, in the midst of piles of wheat destined for the stranger; it is the people of Italy reduced to abandonment of their fertile fields and tramping through Europe on the hunt for a job at tunnel driving, by which subsistence may be obtained for some months at the risk of being crushed to death; it is the soil torn from the peasant to raise cattle for the glutting of the rich; it is the soil allowed to fallow rather than that it should be restored to him who asks no greater boon than leave to till it.

Order! it is woman selling herself to rear her children; it is the child compelled to factory imprisonment, or death from want of food; it is the workman lowered to the level of a machine.

Order! it is the apparition of the working man in insurrection at the doors of the rich—the apparition of the people in insurrection at their ruler's gates.

Order! it is a minority, the lowest in the social scale, raised to the seats of government, and thereby charging itself upon the majority, and bringing up its children to succeed it in its offices, with the view of maintaining the same privileges by intrigue, by corruption, by force, by massacre.

Order! it is the everlasting war of man with man, craft with craft, class with class, nation with nation; it is the cannon which never ceases growling throughout the whole of Europe; it is the laying waste of plains, the sacrifice of whole generations upon the field of battle; the destruction in a single year of the riches accumulated by ages of rugged toil.

Order! it is slavery, the fettering of human thought, the abasement of the human race, maintained by sword and lash; it is sudden death from the fire damp, slow death by burial, hundreds of miners torn to pieces or entombed yearly through their master's greed and mitraleused, chased at the point of the bayonet, the moment they dare to complain.

Order, in a word, is the drowning in blood of the Paris commune. It is the death of 30,000 men, women, and children torn to shreds by shells, mitraleused, buried in quick lime under the Paris pavements. It is the fate of the youth of Russia, walled up in prisons, and buried in the has most gloried in its history snows of Siberia, the best, the purest, the most devoted of the representatives of whom perish by the hangman's rope.

*Look you! that is order.

And disorder—what is it they call disorder? It is the uprising of the people against this ignoble order, the people bursting its chains, overthrowing all obstacles and marching toward a better future. It is whatever humanity

It is the revolt of thought upon the eve of revolutions; it is the upsetting of hypotheses that have been narrowed by the stagnation of preceding ages; it is the throwing the gates open to a whole flood of new ideas and bold discoveries; it is the solution of the problems of science.

Disorder! it is the abolition of ancient slavery; it is the insurrection of the commune, the abolition of feudal serfdom, the effort to abolish economic serfdom.

Disorder! it is the insurrection of the peasants rising against priest and master, firing mansions to make room for cottages, emerging from their dens to take their place in the sun; it is France abolishing royalty, and dealing serfdom a mortal blow throughout the whole of Western Europe.

Disorder! it is 1848 making kings tremble, and proclaiming the right to labor; it is the people of Paris fighting for a new idea, and while succumbing to massacre, bequeathing to humanity the idea of a free commune, and opening up a road to that revolution whose approach we already feel, and whose name will be the social revolution.

Disorder—what they call disorder—is those epochs during which whole generations carry on an unceasing conflict, and sacrifice themselves to prepare for humanity a better existence, by freeing it from the slavery of the past. It is those epochs in which the genius of the people has free play, and makes in a few years gigantic strides, lacking which mankind would have remained in their condition of ancient slavery, groveling and degraded in misery.

Disorder! it is the birth of the finest passions and the grandest devotion; it is the epic poem of the supremacy of love of humanity.

The word "anarchy," implying as it does the negation of that order and calling up the recollection of the most glorious moments in the life of the people, has it not been well chosen for a party which is marching to the conquest of a better future?

KROPOTKIN.

Industrial Workers of the World, Aims and Objects

The Industrial Workers of the World, an organization launched in Chicago last June, is making wonderful progress in all parts of the country, and in practically every industry.

This is as it should be, because the I. W. W. is organized along the lines of the evolution of capitalism, which is so organized, that under one head or one management, whole lines of industry are conducted, reaching from ocean to ocean or from Maine to Mexico. So that the freight handler working in the freight yards in San Francisco is effected when the longshore man in New York City asks for better conditions from the employer, and he must be prepared to back his brother up in his just demand. It is the mission of the I. W. W. to teach the laboring classes their solidarity of interest as a mass and how they in future must act as a class, in order to win in their contests with capital.

The line of action of the I. W. W. is in direct contrast to that of the A. F. of L., whose members are compelled to "scab" on each other when a strike of any dimensions is declared, as was the case during the late teamsters strike in Chicago, where the freight handlers had to receive, handle and ship goods delivered to them by scab teamsters. Had these laborers belonged to the I. W. W. the freight handlers, shipping clerks, teamsters and all others belonging to the shipping department, would have refused absolutely to handle the scab delivered goods. This drastic action would have brought on a crisis at once. The battle would have been short, sharp and decisive, and the teamsters would not have been compelled to pass through the long struggle of broken heads, fines, injunctions, etc., and were at last forced to surrender, because the cry of their hungry children was too much for their manly hearts to stand.

It will be the same old game of union member scabbing on union member next spring, if the miners strike. Then will be witnessed the spectacle of the other members of the A. F. of L. handling scab-mined coal. This must continue to be the case as long as labor is organized as crafts instead of as a class. The LIBERATOR advises all working men and women to investigate the principles and plan of organization of The Industrial Workers of the World. If there is no branch in the town or city where you reside, send a request to the headquarters of the organization, 148 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

L. E. P.

SQUIBS.

The essence of all things lie in freedom.

It is criminal to force all minds over the same educational last; the last should be changed to fit the mind instead of the mind being forced to fit the last.

The proper use of anything is to be commended, the abuse of it is to be condemned.

If need be dare to stand alone, for it is more honorable to be a yellow dog chewing a meatless bone upon the mountain side in freedom, than to live in luxury and ease at the expense of your convictions.

It takes the church a long while in trying to tell the world what it does not know about things.

The church and state are successful anarchists in evading the payment of any tax; learn this lesson and do likewise.

Men and women are no better or worse than they could be under present conditions.

When the intellect stops, brute force is king and some people call this: "The survival of the fittest."

Those who pray the most (the clergy) prey upon ignorance and industry of the masses.

Thus far, history proves the masses to be the asses.

Anarchism means purity and justice in all things.

Anarchism is to human society what solar energy is to the physical universe.

Crime is a manufactured thing—the product of the state factory.

There are greater criminals in state legislatures than there are in states prisons.

Government is organized persecution.

VOLENTEER.

In Memoriam.

This coming Eleventh of November will mark the 18th anniversary of the five-fold judicial murders perpetrated by the capitalist class of America. This event is known as the execution of the Anarchists.

It is true the foul murders took place in the jail in Chicago, State of Illinois, but the whole gang of tyrants from St. Petersburg, Russia, to San Francisco, America, on that November day sent up one wild demoniac shout of glee that "Anarchy is dead!"

This event has passed into history; time has cooled the passions and cleared the judgment of the American people. The jury who brought in the ready-prepared verdict have most of them passed away and their very names are unknown. But the great jury, the American people, are still here, and it is to these whom I wish to appeal to through the columns of THE LIBERATOR.

For this purpose, a special number of THE LIBERATOR (to be known as the 11th of November number) will be issued. In this issue there will be no attempt made to appeal, either to the sentiments or the passions of the reader, or to draw imaginary pictures. I intend to go to the records of the Cook county court and from their own evidence, I will convict the capitalistic class of the foulest judicial murder perpetrated in modern times. THE LIBERATOR will contain a truthful account of the Haymarket meeting; why it was called; who was responsible for its breaking up in disorder, then tracing all succeeding events from that time until November the eleventh, 1887, the day on which our comrades were murdered.

This 11th of November number of THE LIBERATOR will contain splendid photographs of our five comrades and will be printed on extra good paper so that the photos can be framed where desired.

This special notice is issued early to give comrades and friends time to send in orders as soon as possible so that we may know how many to print. We want to get out an eight page number, if possible, but this will depend entirely upon the orders which we receive.

The price will be $2.00 per hundred, $1.50 per fifty copies, 25c for 10 copies.

It seems to me that every single reader of THE LIBERATOR ought to know 10 persons to whom they can hand the paper who would want to know the truth about the Anarchist trial, not because they are either Anarchists or sympathisers, but just simply to learn the truth for the truth's sake. So I have reason to expect a large number of 25c orders.

Hoping to hear from comrades and friends soon, I am, yours in the cause of truth and justice,

Lucy E. Parsons.

Chicago, Oct. 11, 1905.

Editor LIBERATOR,

Dear Comrade:—By order of the Delegate meeting for the arrangement of a 11th of November Memorial Celebration, I herewith inform you that said commemoration will take place on the 11th of November, 1905, at Aurora Hall, corner Milwaukee Ave. and Huron St., 8 p. m. As your paper favors the progressive labor movement you will kindly take notice of the affair in your paper.

Fraternally,
H. WEDE, Secretary.
687 N. Paulina St., City.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

One of our friends or comrade past the 60 years is in a precarious position and he is to raffle his Zither Harp—a very fine musical instrument; the ticket is 15 cents and can be had with us and at 111 Blue Island Ave. Any one who possibly can spare the amount for one or more tickets will be thankfully considered.

WHAT IS ANARCHY?

IV.

My last article on this subject contained a good many errors, some of which might be supposed mine if I did not correct them. For "Ionians" read, every time, "Dorians." For "the Finley" read "McKinley"; for "isthmus of Athens"—"of Athos"; for "Palcopus," Paleologus; for "Playo," Pelayo. There are several other misprints*; but most of them anyone can see through, and a few I cannot; so let them go.

Of conquests wholly within Europe, since the Roman Empire broke up, the conspicuous ones are England, by the Saxons (449 and about 600 A. D.), by the Normans (1066 A. D.); Italy by the great European powers about the end of the fifteenth century; France by the coalition (1815). Conspicuous examples of failure to conquer are the Scandinavians in England, the English in France (fifteenth century), the Turks in Montenegro, the Arabian Emperors in Italy, the Austrians in Switzerland, the Spaniards in Holland, the French and English afterwards in the same country, the Coalition against revolutionary France, the French of Napoleon's time in Spain and Germany. Outside Europe, but in countries of similar civilization, the most important conquest was that of the Confederacy; the chief example of successful resistance, the Revolutionary War.

The English conquest of Britain does not appear, by the meagre chronicles, to have had much connection with government or anarchy on either side. The two nations were both as disunited as possible. But the English increased faster than the Britons, and rather crowded them into corners, like Wales and the Highlands, than conquered them. The Celts, too, were always the most assimilable of races. If it be said a stronger government would have preserved them from extermination or Anglicisation, I appeal to the opposite case of Spain. Its Celtic inhabitants were too unlike the Moors to be assimilated; they lost their native government at a blow; but, after that, they proved most refractory, and expelled the invaders (who came by invitation of native pretenders to the throne.) A very eminent living Social philosopher has declared that, whatever the result of a war, the Boers must crowd the English out of Africa, for the same reason which made it inevitable that the English should crowd the Britons out of the level countries. Very similar is that which prevented Canute and his sons from making any permanent conquests in England.

The Norman conquest of England, so far as it extended, was effected by one government over another quite as well organized as itself and more popular. But it is worth observing, that the English, according to a troublesome habit of theirs, would not stay conquered. Overcome in one day with the late king's will, their actual king's obstinacy, their own factions, and the Pope, whatever he was worth, against them, they had no sooner submitted than they began without any organization to rebel; and kept it up so vigorously that concession after concession had to be made, till that great day at Runnymede, when Saxons and Normans forgot they belonged to different races, and exacted the Charter of England (not Normandy).

Italy was enslaved, as most countries which foreigners conquer are, through its native rulers. No one had so much to do with selling it piecemeal as the Pope, whose temporal power became perfected under the Borgias, during this very period. The contract with the heroic and successful defense against Barbarossa is very striking. In the wholly disunited Italy of the twelfth century, the popes were able to pose as patriot leaders, because they were the nearest approach to a general sovereign. No sooner had Guelphic victory made their claim something like a reality, than this sovereign sold the first Italian state to foreigners that he might be revenged on the innocent descendants of Frederick. The vials of wrath emptied by the purchaser's heirs upon his country had been sealed with the blood of Conradino.

It is impossible to imagine a more striking contrast than the France of 1793, plunged, as we are continually reminded, in the depths of anarchy; but beating united Europe, retaliating invasion, carrying terror to the Escurial, the Vatican, the Lindens; with the France of 1815, humbled to the dust in one battle, under the most arbitrary of modern governments, with the greatest warrior and statesman of the century at her head.

The English under Henry V actually did obtain submission from the French government, and crowned their king at Paris. When the French government had been demolished, a rabble of French adventurers, headed by an insane girl, drove these same English from Orleans; and, within a few years, beyond the sea.

Switzerland and Montenegro, two countries frequently named together, were both long excluded from the family of nations on the ground that they had nothing worthy to be called a government; but were in point of fact mere rallying places for outlaws and revolted serfs. They proved able, however, to maintain their independence through the ages, one against the great empire of "Germany" (Austria), the other against that of Turkey, which made Austria pay tribute; and tyranny herself long looked to one of them as to the breeding place of her best mercenary troops.

The Netherlands, previous to their war of independence, might have appeared in the most hopeless condition of any possible country. A fertile but treeless basin, below the sea-level, and forming the delta of a navigable river, seemed made to invite without resistance, the rapacity of a power whose supremacy was secure alike on land and sea. The Spanish monarchy had these advantages. It immensely surpassed the Provinces in population, resources, size and equipment of the army and navy. The disputed territory bristled with fortresses, which have been called the fetters of nations—all held by Spain. The Dutch, though a brave people, were not then a martial, but eminently a commercial people, with very much to save by submission or lose by resistance; proverbially slow and apathetic, much fonder of eating and drinking than fighting. They were far from agreed upon the issue. The majority were still Catholics; and their own laws against heresy, as Phillip II said, were more cruel than those of Spain, which, being foreign, they chose to resist. They had what even believers in government admit to be worse than none. They had a great number—counts, bishops, abbots, municipalities, shadowy provincial and general assemblies, all with conflicting interests and pretensions—"many tyrants instead of one." What was there in favor of their revolutions? There was Anarchy. The many tyrants tied each other's hands so effectually that the people's were tolerably free. Accordingly, they defeated Spain in a war of eighty years duration, which wore out a long series of Spanish heroes—Alva, Requesens, Don Juan, Palma, Spinola—all among the most famous captains of the time. About a hundred and twenty years later, England and France, with the greatest army and the two greatest navies in the world, fell upon little Holland, which (as usual) was in a blooming state of anarchy, having just killed the president and smashed the legislature. They were beaten in much less time than Spain had been, and as completely. So long as Holland had practically no government at all, she was a power of the first order. She sank into a third-rate state when the stadt holder became as hereditary monarch administering an intelligible law.

Spain, which had risen to greatness without any united government, began to decline from that event which gave her one (the death of Charles the Fifth's mother, Joanna, eldest daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, whose kingdoms were separate.) All the causes of Spanish decline, says Macauley, resolve themselves into one cause—Spanish government. The country was very easily occupied by the English and Austrians in the War of the Succession; and again by Napoleon. But both times the government was destroyed. The immediate effect was that the people rose and drove the invaders out. Spain was the one unconquerable country whose resistance compelled the Peace of Utrecht. It was also the first stumbling block upon which Napoleon's ambition tripped.

That the American colonies during the Revolutionary War were practically without a government has always been a subject for wailing and gnashing of teeth to disciples of Alexander Hamilton; though why they regretted it never became very clear till the administration of Theodore Roosevelt. That our government, in proportion as it became a strong one, has degraded us again into dependent allies of England, should be pretty obvious now. For a lesser parallel, observe that Mexico, the most anarchic of American countries, successfully resisted France, nearly the greatest of European powers; and that the Latin commonwealths of this continent have been betrayed to foreign syndicates just about in proportion as they relied on the United States, which is admitted to have the best organized government of any.

About the Confederacy we need only remark that government was always stronger in the Southern States than the Northern. Energy such as put down the slave-owner's rebellion belongs only to a free people. That another secession movement could be crushed like the former now, is as disputable as Pompay's assumption that an army would spring out of the ground if he wanted one to fight Cæsar.

This very comprehensive, though brief, induction is not only highly unfavorable to organization and strong government as guarantees against foreign conquest, but contains suggestions, to which others may be added, that these things are troublesome, not useful, in even what might be called offensively defensive war.

C. L. JAMES.

THE ROLL OF HONOR TO DATE.

Following is a partial list of Comrades who have contributed cash for the issuance and support of LIBERATOR. Get into the Band Wagon.

Elise Santora, $1; I. Bienenfeldt, $1; Peter Hall, $1; Liberator Group $2.75; Hantman, $2; B. Gattin, 25c John E. Dietrick, 50c; J. P. Karl, 25c; L. G. $21.50; B. Cases, $1; Bierman, $1; Herscovitz, $1; Bergman, $1; L. Eckert, $1; J. Fishman, $2; L. Sibold, $1; M. H. Fixel, $1; Sales, 10c; Sam Semidt, 50c; T. Goldberg, 50c; Chas. Jasper, $1; Nicholas Lehr, 50c; Hart, Suhrer & Co., $1; Henry Miller, $1; Joe Levy $1; T. M. Watson, $1; Geo. Pyburn $1; S. Paganoni, 50c; R. Podolsky, $1; J. Hurth, $1; Henry Millef, 50c John J. Sutorins, 25c; David Koch, 50c; H. S. Weisman, $1; Jos. Rothstein, 25c; Wm. Geo. Walter, $1; Isidore Prelutzky, $1; J. Tanan, 50 Progressive Library, $20.

ADDRESS BY CLARENCE S. DARROW.

Delivered to the Prisoners in the County Jail.

If I looked at jails and crimes and prisoners in the way the ordinary person does, I should not speak on this subject to you. The reason I talk to you on the question of crime, its cause and cure, is because I really do not in the least believe in crime. There is no such thing as a crime as the word is generally understood. I do not believe there is any sort of distinction between the real moral condition of the people in and out of jail. One is just as good as the other. The people here can no more help being here than the people outside can avoid being outside. I do not believe that people are in jail because they deserve to be. They are in jail simply because they can not avoid it on account of circumstances which are entirely beyond their control and for which they are in no way responsible.

I suppose a great many people on the outside would say I was doing you harm if they should hear what I say to you this afternoon but you can not be hurt a great deal anyway, so it will not matter. Good people outside would say that I was really teaching you things that were calculated to injure society, but it's worth while now and then to hear something different from what you ordinarily get from preachers and the like. These will tell you that you should be good and then you will get rich and be happy. Of course we know that people do not get rich by being good, and that is the reason why so many of you people try to get rich some other way, only you do not understand how to do it quite as well as the fellow outside.

There are people who think that everything in this world is an accident. But really there is no such thing as an accident. A great many folks admit that many of the people in jail ought not to be there, and many who are outside ought to be in. I think none of them ought to be here. There ought to be no jails, and if it were not for the fact that the people on the outside are so grasping and heartless in their dealings with the people on the inside, there would be no such institutions as jails.

I do not want you to believe that I think all you people here are angels. I do not think that. You are people of all kinds, all of you doing the best you can, and that is evidently not very well—you are people of all kinds and conditions and under all circumstances. In one sense everybody is equally good and equally bad. We all do the best we can under the circumstances. But as to the exact things for which you are sent here, some of you are guilty and some of you are not guilty. Some of you did the particular act because you needed the money. Some of you did it because you are in the habit of doing it, and some of you because you are born to it, and it comes to be as natural as it does, for instance, for me to be good.

Most of you probably have nothing against me, and most of you would treat me the same as any other person would; probably better than some of the people on the outside would treat me, because you think I believe in you and they know I do not believe in them. While you would not have the least thing against me in the world you might pick my pockets. I do not think all of you would, but I think some of you would. You would not have anything against me, but that's your profession, a few of you. Some of the rest of you, if my doors were unlocked, might come in if you saw anything you wanted—not out of any malice to me, but because that is your trade. There is no doubt there are quite a number of people in this jail who would pick my pockets. And still I know this, that when I get outside pretty nearly everybody picks my pocket. There may be some of you who would hold up a man on the street, if you did not happen to have something else to do, and needed the money; but when I want to light my house or my office the gas company holds me up. They charge me one dollar for something that is worth twenty-five cents, and still all these people are good people; they are pillars of society and support the churches, and they are respectable.

When I ride on the street cars I am held up—I pay five cents for a ride that is worth two and a half cents, simply because a body of men have bribed the City Council and the Legislature, so that all the rest of us have to pay tribute to them.

If I do not want to fall into the clutches of the gas trust and choose to burn oil instead of gas, then good Mr. Rockefeller holds me up, and he uses a certain portion of his money to build universities and churches which are engaged in telling us how to be good.

Some of you are here for obtaining property under false pretenses—yet I pick up a great Sunday paper and read the advertisements of a merchant prince—"Shirt waists for 39 cents, marked down from $3.00."

When I read the advertisements in the paper I see they are all lies. When I want to get out and find a place to stand anywhere on the face of the earth, I find that it has all been taken up long ago before I came here, and before you came here, and somebody says, "Get off, swim into the lake, fly into the air, go anywhere, but get off." That is because these people have the police and they have the jails and the judges and the lawyers and the soldiers and all the rest of them to take care of the earth and drive everybody off that comes in their way.

A great many people will tell you that all this is true, but that it does not excuse you. These facts do not excuse some fellow who reaches into my pocket and takes out a five dollar bill; the fact that the gas company bribes the members of the Legislature from year to year, and fixes the law, so that all you people are compelled to be "fleeced" whenever you deal with them; the fact that the street car companies and the gas companies have control of the streets and the fact that the landlords own all the earth, they say, has nothing to do with you.

Let us see whether there is any connection between the crimes of the respectable classes and your presence in the jail. Many of you people are in jail because you have really committed burglary. Many of you, because you have stolen something, in the meaning of the law, you have taken some other person's property. Some of you have entered a store and carried off a pair of shoes because you did not have the price. Possibly some of you have committed murder. I can not tell what all of you did. There are a great many people here who have done some of these things who really do not know themselves why they did them. I think I know why you did them—every one of you; you did these things because you were bound to do them. It looked to you at the time as if you had a chance to do them or not, as you saw fit, but still after all you had no choice. There may be people here who had some money in their pockets and who still went out and got some more money in the way society forbids. Now you may not yourselves see exactly why it was you did this thing, but if you look at the question deeply enough and carefully enough you would see that there were circumstances that drove you to do exactly the thing which you did. You could not help it any more than we outside can help taking the positions we take. The reformers who tell you to be good and you will be happy, and the people on the outside who have property to protect—they think that the only way to do it is by building jails and locking you up in cells on week-days and praying for you on Sundays.

I think that all of this has nothing whatever to do with right conduct. Some so-called criminals—and I will use this word because it is handy, it means nothing to me—I speak of the criminals who get caught as distinguished from the criminals who catch them—some of these so-called criminals are in jail for the first offenses, but nine-tenths of you are in jail because you did not have a good lawyer, and of course you did not have a good lawyer because you did not have enough money to pay a good lawyer. There is no very great danger of a rich man going to jail.

Some of you may be here for the first time. If we would open the doors and let you out, and leave the laws as they are today, some of you would be back tomorrow. This is about as good a place as you can get anyway. There are many people here who are so in the habit of coming that they would not know where else to go. There are people who are born with the tendency to break into jail every chance they get, and they can not avoid it. You can not figure out your life and see why it was, but still there is a reason for it, and if we were all-wise and knew all the facts we could figure it out.

In the first place, there are a good many more people who go to jail in the winter time than in the summer. Why is this? Is it because people are more wicked in the winter? No, it is because the coal trust begins to get in its grip in the winter. A few gentlemen take possession of the coal, and unless the people will pay $7 or $8 a ton for something that is worth $3, they will have to freeze. Then there is nothing to do but to break into jail, and so there are many more in the jail in winter than in summer. It costs more for gas in the winter because the nights are longer, and people go to jail to save gas bills. The jails are electric-lighted. You may not know it, but these economic laws are working all the time, whether we know it or do not know it.

There are more people go to jail in hard times than in good times—few people comparatively go to jail except when they are hard up. They go to jail because they have no other place to go. They may not know why, but it is true all the same. People are not more wicked in hard times. That is not the reason. The fact is true all over the world that in hard times more people go to jail than in good times, and in winter more people go to jail than in summer. Of course it is pretty hard times for people who go to jail at any time. The people who go to jail are almost always poor people—people who have no other place to live first and last. When times are hard then you find large numbers of people who go to jail who would not otherwise be in jail.

Long ago, Mr. Buckle, who was a great philosopher and historian, collected facts and he showed that the number of people who are arrested increased just as the price of food increased. When they put up the price of gas ten cents a thousand I do not know who will go to jail, but I do know that a certain number of people will go. When the meat combine raises the price of beef I do not know who is going to

(Continued on page 4.)

FAMOUS WOMEN OF HISTORY.

Under the above head will be continued for a few weeks brief sketches of the lives of women who have contributed their share in building the world's history. While the editor will contribute a number of these sketches we also invite others, especially women, to send in brief sketches of famous women, if any such occur to their minds. Let these sketches be well stated, short and to the point. We hope if any are sent in that they will be far superior to those which we write ourselves.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

If our social arrangements were so adjusted that each person could follow that calling in life which they are by nature adapted for, what a great gainer society as a whole would be.

Those few who are so fortunate as to be able to follow the calling of their heart's desire make a success of life.

Florence Nightingale was one of the fortunate few, who could engage in that occupation for which she was best adapted. Florence Nightingale was a born nurse. In her was found that rare combination of heart, brain and sympathy which makes the ideal nurse. It is when one is laid low by the ravages of disease that they can appreciate to its utmost depth the value of human kindness. Many charming stories are told of Florence's sympathetic nature even in her childhood, how she sought out wounded animals, and tenderly nursed them, and how she would scientifically bandage her dolls and would work earnestly at this occupation for hours at a time.

Florence Nightingale's parents were of the well-to-do class. Still she was not contented to sit down and live a life of idleness and ease, as so many do who belong to that class.

In early womanhood she took an apprenticeship of nine years in different hospitals. This course of training amply equipped her for the arduous labor she was to perform among the wounded from battlefields.

During the Crimean war, Wm. H. Russell wrote a number of letters from the Crimea to the London Times. In these letters he demonstrated so clearly that the unsanitary condition of the British army was killing off more men than the deadly battles of the Crimea that England became panic-stricken over the mortality list, yet seemed helpless to curtail it. In the hurry and enthusiasm at the outbreak of the Crimean war (1854) Great Britain had dispatched shiploads of men improperly provided with food or clothing for the severe Russian climate. Starvation, cholera and agonizing suffering were the results. Amid the general consternation, the minister of war wrote a letter to Miss Nightingale, stating that he considered her the only person in Great Britain capable of bringing order out of confusion, and imploring her to organize and direct the reform of the military hospitals, and this letter was crossed by one from Miss Nightingale, volunteering to place her strength and ability at the service of her nation.

Good trained nurses were almost unknown quantities in those days, yet, nothing daunted, Florence Nightingale sailed from England with thirty of the best nurses that she could muster within a week from her letter.

It required a good deal of tact to overcome the prejudices and jealousies among the physicians and surgeons at the "womanly prominence," and to conciliate the general disapproval of medical and military officials. For these were the days when it was considered "the proper place for woman is at home."

Overcoming professional jealousy, she set herself to the task of cleansing the Augean hospitals containing over 4,000 patients. These barrack hospitals at Scutari, which had been loaned to the British government by the Sultan of Turkey, were 100 feet above the Bosporus. The day before the arrival of the staff of nurses the wounded from Balaclava had been landed; packed in the overcrowded transports, their wounds had not been dressed for five days, and cholera and fever were reaping their fearful harvest. The poor men outside in the trenches, half perished with cold and starvation, were faring far better than the sufferers in the tainted wards of the disordered hospitals.

After comparative comfort had been established, Florence Nightingale opened a diet kitchen, where specialties were prepared for the 800 men who could not eat ordinary food; a laundry, where, for the first time since they had been brought down from the Crimea, the ragged clothes of the soldiers were washed, and a combination library and schoolroom, where the chaplain aided her in instituting games and lectures for the convalescents.

The most difficult of all the provinces was of course that of nursing, yet it is said that wherever there was the greatest danger of distress, there the faithful head was to be found silently superintending, never allowing a severe case to escape her personal treatment. To accomplish this she often stood twenty hours at a time, and after the doctors had retired she was to be seen making her nightly rounds through miles of suffering patients, shading with her hand the lamp that she carried, that it might not disturb the sick, many of whom as she passed kissed her shadow on their pillows with passionate enthusiasm. Longfellow has commemorated this incident in his exquisite "Santa Filomena" with such sympathetic touch that no biographer of Florence Nightingale can refrain from quoting it:

"Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

"And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

"On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
A light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.
"A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood."

In the future, when the war drum will be heard no more, and the only reveille to be sounded will be that which shall call men to the peaceful walks of life, the name of Florence Nightingale will be revered, as a woman, though delicate and far removed from want, nevertheless was willing to risk her own life, that she might bring relief to that most stupid victim of our present system, the soldier.

Next week's LIBERATOR will contain an autobiography of Louise Mischell.

BOOKS

Loves Coming of Age ..... Edward Carpenter	$1.00
Evolution of the Family ..... Jonathan Mayo Crane	.05
Conduct and Profession ..... Clarence S. Darrow	.10
Crime and Criminals ..... "	.10
Realism in Literature and Art .... "	.05
Resist Not Evil. Cloth ..... "	.75
Tolstoy ..... "	.10
Crime and Punishment ..... Voltairine de Cleyre	.10
The Slavery of Our Times Cloth ..... Leo Tolstoy	.80

J. H. GREER, M. D.
52 DEARBORN STREET
Office Hours 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. Wed. and Sat. till 8. Sundays 9 to 12. CHICAGO
TEL. MARKET 1344

ADDRESS BY CLARENCE DARROW

(Continued from page 3)

ber of people are bound to go. Whenever the Standard Oil Company raises the price of oil, I know that a certain number of girls who are seamstresses and who work after night long hours for somebody else, will be compelled to go out on the streets and ply another trade, and I know that Mr. Rockefeller and his associates are responsible and not the poor girls in the jails.

First and last, people are sent to jail because they are poor. Sometimes, as I say, you may not need money at the particular time, but you wish to have thrifty forehand habits, and do not always wait until you are in absolute want. Some of you people are perhaps plying the trade, the profession, which is called burglary. No man in his right senses will go into a strange house in the dead of night and prowl around with a dark lantern through unfamiliar rooms and take chances of his life, if he has plenty of the good things of the world in his own home. You would not take any such chances as that. If a man had clothes in his clothespress and beefsteak in his pantry, and money in a bank, he would not navigate around nights in houses where he knows nothing about the premises whatever. It always requires experience and education for this profession, and people who fit themselves for it are no more to blame than I am for being a lawyer. A man would not hold up another on the street if he had plenty of money in his own pocket. He might do it if he had one dollar or two dollars, but he wouldn't if he had as much money as Mr. Rockefeller has. Mr. Rockefeller has a great deal better hold-up game than that.

The more that is taken from the poor by the rich who have the chance to take it, the more poor people there are who are compelled to resort to these means for a livelihood. They may not understand it, they may not think so at once, but after all they are driven into that line of employment.

There is a bill before the Legislature of this state to punish kidnapping children, with death. We have wise members of the Legislature. They know the gas trust when they see it and they always see it—they can furnish light enough to be seen, and this Legislature thinks it is going to stop kidnapping children by making a law punishing kidnappers of children, with death. I don't believe in kidnapping children, but earth over there, and the other the Legislature is all wrong. Kidnapping children is not a crime, it is a profession. It has been developed with the times. It has been developed with our modern industrial conditions. There are many ways of making money—many new ways that our ancestors knew nothing about. Our ancestors knew nothing about a billion dollar trust; and here comes some poor fellow who has no other trade and he discovers the profession of kidnapping children.

This crime is born, not because people are bad; people don't kidnap other people's children because they want the children or because they are devilish, but because they see a chance to get some money out of it. You cannot cure this crime by passing a law punishing by death kidnappers of children. There is one way to cure it. There is one way to cure all these offenses, and that it to give the people a chance to live. There is no other way, and there never was any other way since the world began, and the world is so blind and so stupid that it will not see. If every man and woman and child in the world had a chance to make a decent, fair, honest living, there would be no jails, and no lawyers and no courts. There might be some persons here or there with some peculiar formation of their brain, like Rockefeller, who would do these things simply to be doing them; but they would be very, very few, and those should be sent to a hospital and treated, not sent to jail; and they would entirely disappear in the second generation, or at least in the third generation.

"I am not talking pure theory. I will just give you two or three illustrations.

(Continued next week.)

THE LIBERTY GROUP OF SAN FRANCISCO

Meets twice a month. The next meetings will be held on Oct. 14th Oct. 28th, at 417 Post St.

The Industrial Printing Co.
THE PRINTERS OF THIS PAPER
will also do your
Commercial & Society Printing
544 West 12th Street.
Telephone, Canal 7529.

Phœnix Pharmacy
406 SOUTH HALSTED STREET
Prescriptions carefully compounded from pure drugs.
A full line of toilet and rubber goods, perfumes, etc. constantly on hand.
A complete assortment of Patent Medicines at cut prices. The best of goods at reasonable prices.

Comrades, Fellow Workers, Friends,

Please fill out the following subscription blank and forward to us just as soon you possibly can:—

To LIBERATOR PUBLISHING GROUP,
466 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ills.

I hereby subscribe to the LIBERATOR for the term of one year from date hereof at the rate of one dollar per year.

Signed .....

Street No..... .....

City or Town.....

State.....

Date..... .....190....

Life of Albert R. Parsons

SECOND EDITION

With a History of the Labor Movement in America

Also sketches of the lives of his fellow victims, together with a full and accurate description of the Haymarket meeting.

READ THIS ACCOUNT OF A DIABOLICAL CONSPIRACY OF CAPITALISTS:

"A surprisingly temperate and strong presentation of evidence showing that Parsons was a victim of popular furore. The figure of Parsons walking into Court of his own free will, and there condemned to death under unusual circumstances, has dramatic interest which will serve to keep the book alive."
—*Chicago Record Herald, Feb. 10, 1905.*

"The hanging of the Anarchists in Chicago is now sufficiently a matter of history to permit its discussion without the heat of prejudice that a frightened capitalist press had thrown upon it at the time of its occurence. The pardon of Governor Altgeld, with his reasons for granting it, which are included in this work, has shown with absolute certainty that the men who were hanged upon that November day in 1887 were murdered for no other reason than because victims were needed to frighten the working class back into humble submission*** It shows beyond doubt that the present ruling class will stop at nothing in their endeavours to terrorize those who threaten their rulership.*** The tremendous and terrible facts that are told in this book reach a dramatic height that thrills and enthralls the reader."
—*International Socialist Review*, July 1, 1904.

A beautiful cloth bound 353 octavo page book, artistically illustrated, price $1.25. Bound in half morocco, $1.75

Every thinker and student should have this book in their possession.

Order Direct from the Publisher

Mrs. Lucy E. Parsons
1777 N. Troy St., Chicago, Ills.

History of the French Revolution

By C. L. JAMES

An excellent history of the French Revolution, well written by one thoroughly familiar with his subject. Special care has been exercised to give the facts as they are, the author not having made himself the champion of any faction.

Justice, Wilmington, Del., says of it:

It is consice; it is accurate; and above all, it deals with essentials; the author has entered into the spirit of the Revolution.

Azaria S. Root, librarian at Oberlin College Library, Oberlin, Ohio, says:

I was much interested in looking over the work. It seems to me to indicate careful study of the sources, and to be the work of one profoundly interested in Democracy.

It is neatly printed from large type on good book paper with a substantial binding. There are 343 pages, with an index and biographical epitome.

Price, bound in cloth, $1 postpaid

Comrades, On you depends the existence of "Liberator".